

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these
Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia,
Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A per-
fect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drow-
siness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue,
Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They
Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose.
Small Price.

Woman's Department.

To exterminate moths from trunks and chests, wash well with borax water, and after drying use benzine. Air and sun will be the result.

When blacking a kitchen range mix the black lead with vinegar, and a very superior polish, and at small trouble, will be the result.

No son or daughter of a true mother can be a misanthrope. Every mother makes the subject of age, or any other that might cause pain or annoyance, a matter of conversation.

How small a value we are apt to put upon the nothingness of every day life, and yet they are its great importances. The smile, the kindly word or helpful hand, that costs us nothing, they are the things that go to the making of the happiness of ourselves and all within our circle; the frown, the unkind word, may mar the peace of a whole family circle, and for a day only but for years of days. One fretful little child in the home casts a feeling of discomfort, of unrest, that all the courtesy and kindness in the home cannot dispel. An unreasonable, worrisome mother, a tyrannical, exacting father, a disobedient son or careless daughter will set at naught the peace of the home. It is not the mother who makes the home happy, but the mother who makes the home a place of peace and happiness until she comes only a feeding and sleeping place.

The Lowell Journal says: I do not profess to know anything about the making of butter, but of late it has seemed to me there was something wrong about the butter which is found in the stores. I am accused of being over-particular when selecting butter for the table, but I know what I like, and what I like I cannot get. Time was when there was a taste about butter which warranted the saying "as sweet as a rose," but to how much of it can it be applied to-day? The butter of all right, certainly there may be nothing wrong about it, but the good, sweet taste which belongs to it is lacking. For a long time this sweetness has been longed for and finally was given up as lost forever. But a few days ago I was presented a pat of home-made butter, made and eaten the same day. Upon tasting it there was the same buttery taste which we used to get, and nothing can surpass the delicious flavor of good bread with such butter.

Now what is the trouble with the modern butter? Something must go into it which robs it of what it ought to possess. Why is yellow butter demanded, when we all know that some coloring matter must be used to produce such a result? I can see no reason in it unless, as in other things, quality is of secondary importance.

I wonder if the man who wrote that "upon marrying, woman stops her mental growth," is a married man, or ever knew his mother. To so much incoherence and unhappiness in married life, he attributes what he states as a fact, that while she stops in her mental growth, he goes on. Married women who start out with any mental training go with far more earnestness mentally, especially if they become mothers, which, thank God, most of them do. The man to whom they are married, granted he be not a professional man, does not expect her to be a professional man. One would hardly expect a man of strong mentality marrying a bit of white divinity, to find about her anything but the pink and white, and that is very apt to fade out after marriage. But if a man carries a real bright, intelligent girl of good reading habit, let him not expect her to stand still, but to develop at a pace that will put his mental growth to rest. Motherhood develops every part of woman's mental and moral nature, and no man need excuse home unhappiness on the plea that his girl beyond his wife. The fact very likely is that they started out unevenly, and though they apparently get on well together, yet better say they get on, but we'll leave off the together, the furnace and after cooler get on in the same house, but there is scarcely an identity of interest. Give a woman a chance and she will prove she can keep up with any man with whom she's started even, and it needs not to point out how many women are the stronger sex. Of course there is a congeniality of taste there is apt to be incoherence of temperament, and such a man never complete a union, such a home is only a stopping place for two people unfortunately yoked together for life, and the last thing they can do is to face the music together, and get as near congeniality as possible. Generally when folks marry they are sufficiently young to learn, and the first and most important lesson is for each to learn to move a step in the direction of the other, they travel their mental life smoothly together, the rest will be only a matter of growth, for after all it's the mind makes the man, and minds of a similar trend build a very safe road for hearts.

CLEAN HOMES.
We read a very great deal about cleanliness in the home, neatness from cellar to garret, from front gate to alley; how dishes should be washed and wiped, rooms swept and dusted, and these very women who cry out upon a speck of dust give over their tongues to unclean utterances, tell stories with double meaning, with side glances toward "little pitchers" who fall not to wonder and among themselves query as to what mother means. Be sure, mother, those seeds will bear fruit, and before you dream of your children will be uttering vulgar jokes, repeating, without any real conception of the meaning, perhaps the words gathered from mother's lips—those lips which to them should always be sacred to purity and truthfulness.

I wonder if any one can measure the over-reaching circles of this impurity in the home and its influence upon society. If we live on a low plane we can hardly expect to be able to lift our children to a high one, and if perchance we do see them rise to purer, better things than

SILENT SUFFERERS.
Women do not like to tell a doctor the details of their Private Ills.

The reason why so many women suffer in silence from the multiple disorders connected with their sexual system is that they cannot bear to broach the subject to a man, even if he is a physician. No one can blame a modest, sensitive woman for this reticence. It is unnecessary in these times, however, for a woman makes to all afflicted women a most generous offer. Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., bids every woman who suffers to write her and confide every symptom that aches her, and she will give her advice without charge, and that advice is based upon the greatest experience ever possessed by a woman in this country, and extends over a period of twenty-three years, and thousands upon thousands of cases. Why suffer in silence any longer, when you can get help for free? Don't fear to tell her everything. The case of Mrs. Colony, whose letter to Mrs. Pinkham we publish, is an illustration of the good to be received from Mrs. Pinkham's advice; here is a woman who was sick for years and could get no relief—at last in despair she wrote to Mrs. Pinkham—received in return a prompt, sympathetic and interested reply. Note the result and go and do likewise.

"I was troubled with such an aching in my back and hips, and I felt so tired all the time, and had for four years. For the last year it was all I could do to drag around. I would have such a ringing in my head by spells that it seemed as though I would go crazy. I ached from my shoulders to my feet and was very nervous. I was also troubled with a white discharge. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., received a prompt reply and followed her advice, and now I have no backache and begin to feel as if I could get on my feet. I have not written in ten years that I do now. I thank God that I went doctoring with Mrs. Pinkham when I did, for if I had not I know I would have been in my grave."

—Mrs. NELLIE E. COLONY, Nahma, Mich.

We have given them, it is not because of, but in spite of, ourselves, and because of some extraneous influence stronger and better than our own that has lifted them apart from us. If I had one word of advice to give to every couple entering upon a new home life, it would be "Build an altar to purity and there erect your standard." Early in your married life learn the value of purity of thought and speech. Let sacred things be sacred and the same hour tell a nasty joke to your neighbor. Again I repeat, set up the altar of purity of thought and speech in your home.

THE LITTLE THINGS.
A flower will have something sweet to say to you, no matter where you put it. A foolish person empties his head every time he opens his mouth. People have to be living in a very high state of grace to enjoy having their own faults pointed out.

Our feelings are often mortally wounded through our own mortified pride. One's character cannot be essentially injured except by one's own conduct. Look well, then, to your acts, each hour's conduct being your sole care.

Parents trust their children with lots of things with whom they would not trust their bank accounts. Girls, do not so often be wishing to be grown-up women that you neglect your girlhood.

Every young person is a sower of seed in the field of life. The bright days of youth are seed time. Every thought of your intellect, every emotion of your heart, every word of your tongue, every principle you adopt, every act you perform, is a seed whose good or evil fruit will prove like or bane to your after-life. Help somebody worse off than yourself and you'll find you are better off than you thought.

We are "fast friends" who see no little imperfections nor overlook a fault in the character of each other. Adversity is a test of friendship. The spurious will generally pass for the genuine until put in the crucible. Preserve the memory of past happiness until sure of a free supply, but never place yourself so as to lose sight of both. It is as oppressive as the darkness of a total eclipse.

"Who teaches you all these little acts of politeness?" asked a gentleman of a tiny boy. "Oh, nobody; they just teach us at school to feel polite and all the rest comes."

Children's Stories.
In looking over some stories written and sent by children to the young people's department of a paper some curious points were noticed. Part of the stories were wildly imaginative. The heroes of them went through experiences that our Gulliver story could not rival. But after all their adventures the mankind always came home safely, laden with glory and trophies, to relate their valorous deeds and wonderful experiences to admiring hearers.

The child story teller loves a satisfactory ending. He has no patience for the ill contrived methods which bring the hero through one experience safely only to plunge him into another and leave him there to get out as best he may. The princes and the knights must marry and live happily ever after, enjoying the happiness attending such glorious success before the story ends. Jack must finish all his giants and get home to supper before we leave him.

In the more humble tales of everyday life a strong point is the little author's sincere belief in the absolute working of a righteous law. The good boy invariably before the story ends is rewarded with kisses and cakes. The bad boy is as surely brought to confusion. The career of the wicked youth who defies authority will not learn his lessons, quarrels with smaller boys or takes his father's gun without leave, is cut short by an opportune policeman, by the paternal switch or perhaps by a fall out of the boat or, again, by the measles. Somehow the childish author

Young Folks' Column.

CHECKS WON THE BATTLE.

A story of the Duke of Wellington.

A story of Wellington that rests upon the unimpeachable authority of Sir William Napier shows how he won a battle by a little turn of strategy that is not in the books. It was when he was fighting the French in Spain in 1813. General Picton, commanding English and Spanish troops, had retreated before the superior French forces of Marshal Soult, stopping at Huerta.

Marshal Soult was pursuing. Wellington, who was with Hill's division, a dozen miles away, no sooner heard of Picton's position than he mounted and rode to him, accompanied by Lord Raglan, who was then Lord Fitzroy Somerset. Hill's division followed as far as it could, but when Wellington arrived he saw that the battle would be lost unless time could be gained for Hill to come up, but Marshal Soult was as sure to want to fight before re-enforcements had time to arrive, as Wellington was anxious for delay. How to change Soult's mind was the problem.

The French columns of attack were formed, and only waited the signal to charge. Wellington, through his field glass, could see Marshal Soult arrange the onslaught, and knew that he felt sure of victory. But, sure he was, not victory but a bloody repulse awaited him. Why? Because Wellington just then took occasion to gallop up in front of the Thirty-Sixth English regiment, and wave his little flag cocked hat. Such a demonstration was so unusual in the reserved General that he thought it was a signal to charge, and one great cheer after another arose, and he re-echoed along all Picton's line. Wellington then ordered an English regiment to the support of a Spanish corps already smartly engaged, and then, aloud, musingly, not particularly addressing anybody, but in the hearing of several officers:

"Soult is a skillful but cautious commander; he'll not attack in force till he has learned the meaning of those cheers; this will give time for the Sixth division to come up, and I shall beat him."

And it was as Wellington hoped and said. Soult supposed those thunderous cheers meant, mean, re-enforcements, and he did not attack till it was too late, till re-enforcements really had come.

FUN FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Doll Party is Great Sport and Offers a

Parents too often forget that they were once young and liked amusement. A mother of my acquaintance, with a house full of young people, is a shining instance of one who remembers. She lately gave a unique party which was a most successful affair. The invitations were sent by little Chinese and Japanese dolls. In the sash a tiny envelope was thrust, addressed to the person to whom the doll was sent and containing an invitation to a doll party, the receiver being requested to come in a costume personating a doll of some sort.

"I am afraid your royal highness is hardly far enough advanced," replied Herr Reichardt, "this is so very difficult. It is the adagio from Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor, but it won't do, I fear. There is so little time in which to learn it."

"Ah, but Herr Reichardt," broke in the prince, "I will work so hard! Do please let me have it. It must do it—shall do."

By dint of great trouble and perseverance the task was finally accomplished, and on the 23d of March the young prince played Schumann's grand movement quite correctly and with much feeling, to his father's great surprise and pleasure.

As a reward for his industry Prince Frederick William received a turning lathe fitted up with every necessary implement, and great was his excitement and delight.

Forty-four years later the beloved Emperor Frederick lay dying in the castle of Friedrichsruh. During the last few days of his life he was unable to speak, but his family and those around him interpreted his signs, so that he was almost entirely spared the trouble of writing.

The emperor before he died, when the empress inquired if there were anything he wished, he waited a moment and then, with both hands, imitated the movement of a pianist.

"Will it not be too much for you?" asked the empress. The emperor shook his head and when asked on his tablet: "I should so like to hear this music. Could not Ruffer, Victoria's master, come and play something?"

A message was sent, and the composer of "Merlin" came at once and seated himself at the piano in the room next to the emperor's, the folding doors having been opened for the purpose. The emperor placed his hand on the keys and the emperor's evident pleasure, till at last the emperor said to the in valent gently:

"Are you sure this does not tire you?" "I am so afraid the excitement may do you harm."

The emperor smiled and wrote on his tablet: "Just one more. I should like an adagio from one of the sonatas. That shall really be the very last."

The musician received the message and again began to play. The sick man beckoned to the empress and wrote these words with feverish haste: "Forty-four years ago I learned this music. Could not Ruffer, Victoria's master, come and play it?" It is out of the sonata in F sharp minor. Very beautiful! Please thank Ruffer. This is the last. Now I will go to sleep."

It was indeed the last earthly music to which he ever listened—a tender farewell from the art he loved most dearly.—Youth's Companion.

Goggles.
We have had many bird pets, but I think that Goggles was the queerest of them all. We called him that because his eyes were so big and round. He came to us in a strange way, too. One evening, when the wind blew hard, something came against the dining room window.

"Look and see what it is, Teddy. It may break the glass or frighten Dick," said mamma.

Dick was a beautiful, yellow canary, who lived in the brass cage which hung in the window. Teddy could find nothing likely to make the noise, but soon we heard it again.

Papa went out to look, but he could find nothing either. Yet, no sooner was he in the house than it came again! "It's a fore-runner of something awful," groaned Grandma Brown.

"It's a bird, mamma—with great, awful great, eyes. I saw him myself," shouted Teddy.

"Mercy on us! An owl—after Dick," added mamma.

Papa opened the window wide. Then we kept still and waited. Soon a dark, gray form flashed through the opening and alighted upon the back of a chair. Papa sat the window quickly, and Mr. Owl was a prisoner. He didn't seem to mind it at all, but sat in his cage all day, looking as sober and wise as owls generally look.

But he was lively enough as soon as it was dark. Mamma put him in the shed at night, or down cellar. He would catch rats and mice better than any cat. Sometimes he bit us, but not often.

Poor Goggles! When summer came we did not have him in the house, but hung his cage in an apple tree by the back door. One morning we found him, mangled and torn, lying upon the door stone.

We shall never know whether some larger, jealous owl assassinated him or whether our cat put him out of the way because we loved him so well. But we shall always miss Goggles.

ELLA H. STRATTON.

Dear Boys and Girls: I thought I would write another letter for the *Maine Farmer*. I am going to school now. My teacher's name is Mrs. Addie Hanks; I like her very much. I have for studies large arithmetic, spelling, geography, grammar, singing, writing, drawing, physiology, Exhibits of Success, and American Writers of To-day. I am eleven years of age. As others tell what they do, I will. I can sweep and wash floors, wash dishes, wash clothes, make beds, sew, and cook a little. My uncle is at my house. Well, I will close by sending a riddle: Upon the hill there is a mill, beside the mill there is a walk, upon the walk there is a key, now tell me the name of this key. I will sign my name in figures.

18-14-13-12-11-10-9-8-7-6-5.

A small boy had been told by his mother that he must love his enemies. After retiring for the night he was probably seeking in his own mind the practical application of the good teachings he had received, and a voice from his little crib called out, "Mamma! 'What, dear,' was the answer. 'Is Satan my enemy?' 'Yes, Satan is your enemy.' 'Well, I love him,' and the little fellow evidently felt relieved that the matter had come to a decision.

A HOPELESS CASE.

Mr. George H. Zimmer, of Bellepoint, unable to walk—The Doctors have Given up His Case.

From Democratic Herald, Delaware, Ohio. Perhaps there is not a more prominent or better known farmer in Concord Township, Bellepoint, Ohio, than Mr. George H. Zimmer, and his many friends will be glad to know how he was cured of what the doctors had given up as a hopeless case of kidney disease.

Mr. Zimmer says: "I have always been an active, hard working man, but as I became advanced in years I became sorely afflicted with a chronic kidney disease."

"I consulted various doctors and took many different kinds of medicines, but was not benefited. I grew steadily worse, and at times was unable to walk. The house was a gloomy place, and I was a great deal of the time in bed. One day, while at Geo. H. Carter's drug store, I told how greatly I suffered. Mr. Carter advised me to try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I did not have much faith in them, but I was desperate, and ready to try anything that promised relief, so I took a box of the pills with me and began taking them as directed."

"The effect was simply wonderful. I began to feel like a new man, I kept on taking the pills and my former strength and vigor returned. In a short time I was a well man, and I have not been troubled with my kidneys since."

"I certainly owe my remarkable cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and feel that I cannot praise them too highly. They are truly a great remedy and I have since recommended them to many of my friends, who have used them with flattering results. They are a panacea for all the ills they are said to cure, and I shall always recommend them to my suffering fellow men and women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and faded complexions. They effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



Insist on the Genuine GOLD DUST.

The best Washing Powder made. Best for all cleaning, does the work quickly, cheaply and thoroughly. Largest package—greatest economy.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

TECHNIC PERFECT.

HOW A MAN GOT TWENTY YEARS FOR A PERFECT FORGERY.

Reed Completely Fooled the Man Whose Name He Wrote, but Was Too Precious In His Hopes—A Signature Involving an Amputated Arm.

Ivan Ivanoff, one of the most skillful of Russian forgers, when sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment in the mines of Siberia nonchalantly remarked:

"I am the victim of poor technic. I know my business better than most men, but I am human, and to err is human. Had my forgery been perfect I could not have been convicted. I am the victim of poor technic and a careless stroke of the pen."

Strange as it may seem, an event has taken place recently in the United States which proves that Ivan Ivanoff was mistaken in his theory and that the absolute perfection of a forgery may prove the cause of a conviction. The story which contains the proof of this assertion is not a long one and is as follows:

About 20 years ago a young man named Richard Robinson, who lived in the city of New York, bought 100 acres of land near Kansas City. The land was worth only \$3 or \$4 an acre at that time, and Robinson, getting into trouble, decided the land to his lawyer in payment of his fee. The lawyer gave no attention to the property, and it was sold for taxes, and his title was good against all claimants except infant heirs. When the land became valuable, owing to the growth of Kansas City, an unscrupulous real estate dealer of St. Louis induced a young woman of that city to impersonate a daughter of Robinson and to bring suit to recover the property. The girl was proved to be an impostor and the suit was decided against her.

The case attracted wide attention, and the fact that the title to the land seemed somewhat in doubt caused a disbarred lawyer named Reed, once a resident of Chicago, to look into the matter carefully and finally to conceive a plan to obtain possession of the land through forgery. When everything had been prepared, Reed brought suit of ejectment against the man who had possession of the property, claiming that he had a deed to it from Robinson dated prior to the one given by Robinson to his lawyer, thus invalidating not only that title, but all subsequent titles which had been given.

The only way to break this claim was to prove that the deed alleged to be signed by Robinson was a forgery. After a long search Robinson was discovered by the writer, residing in a remote town in Texas. He had passed through many wild experiences on the frontier and in a personal encounter had received a pistol ball in his right arm, which made amputation necessary. Subsequently he had served as county clerk in Missouri, and his signature was prominent among the signatures of the forgers. Robinson was brought to Kansas City for the defense, and his testimony was relied on to prove that the signature attached to the deed was a forgery.

When the case came to trial and the deed had been offered in evidence, Robinson was placed on the stand. He examined the signature with the greatest care, and to the astonishment and chagrin of the defense he testified that the writing was his, not a line or dot in the signature differing in the slightest degree from his usage. It seemed as though the writer had been deceived, and Robinson, when the attorney for the defense, taking up the deed, glanced at it a moment, then, dropping it upon the table, he suddenly asked:

"Is your signature to this deed written with your right or left hand?" "With my left hand."

"Did you ever employ your left hand in writing before you lost your right arm?" "Never."

"That is all," said the attorney. "Call Mr. Reed to the stand." The plaintiff took the stand, and the attorney handed him the deed. "You swear that this deed was made to you by Mr. Robinson?"

"I do, and he has identified his signature," replied Reed triumphantly. "On what date was that paper given?" "It was dated April 10, 1876."

"That was six years before he lost his right arm, and yet this deed is signed with his left hand. How do you account for that?"

The witness was silent. He turned pale and then attempted to escape from the courtroom. He was arrested and held on a charge of forgery. His technic had been perfect—so perfect, indeed, as to deceive the man whose signature he had forged—but he had made the mistake of imitating the left handed writing of Robinson and had dated the deed six years prior to his loss of the right arm.

Of course the suit was decided in favor of the defendant, and at present Reed is serving a 20 year sentence in the penitentiary for forgery, his fate paralleling that of Ivan Ivanoff, not through lack of "technic," but rather because of his perfection in that matter. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Lights Restored.
"There are many more women living than I used to think."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Before I married I used to think my wife was the only woman in the world."—Columbus (O.) Journal.

Beauty is Wealth.

Beauty is an essential to a woman as any other quality. With beauty of form and feature comes beauty of mind and character. Physical beauty is a rounded form, the brightly tinted cheek, the vivacious eye, a certain ease and grace of manner, which indicates a superabundance of physical strength. Very few women possess these qualities, but very many more might possess them who do not. If you wish to attain to the beauty of the face which once was plump and rosy, it is becoming thin and sallow, if your strength is the terror of all poets, if you are beginning to appear, take our advice and try that great-out-of-discovery, the "MASSAGE FACET," which is the only means known to science of restoring this and all other features to a face with plump and rosy features. It is an expression of grace and beauty. Physiology teaches us that if we would be strong, we must exercise the muscles which need the developing. Exercise causes the blood to rush to that part of the body called into action, the muscle is fed and strengthened by the fresh blood and will therefore develop.

The Massage Cup will do for the face, when properly applied by contracting and relaxing the muscles. What exercise will do for the other parts of the body.

If you would have a pitiful complexion, if you would have a face which is not a face, if you would like to remove that "horrid" wrinkle, send me a card and we will mail you the great "MASSAGE FACET" as a token, with full directions for its use. Remember you can have your money back if you say so.

AGENTS WANTED.

Address: J. C. LENNEY & CO., New York.

A Chance to Make Pin Money AT HOME.

Send stamp for sample of needlework to be done.

POSTER MACHINE CO., 525 West 29th St., New York City.

Kennebec County.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1897.

HENRY P. BALDWIN, Guardian of CHARLOTTE L. BALDWIN of Weston, Mass., having petitioned for license to sell the real estate of said ward, the proceeds to be placed on interest, viz: All the interest of said ward in certain real estate situated in Augusta, Me., (fully described in a petition on file in the Probate Court.)

ORDERED: That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the *Maine Farmer*, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register. May 24, 1897. 34

Kennebec County.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1897.

HARRIET H. GREENLEE, Administratrix of the estate of CHARLES S. GREENLEE, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, and presented her third account of administration for allowance.

ORDERED: That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the *Maine Farmer*, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be allowed.

Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register. May 24, 1897. 34

Kennebec County.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1897.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of ELIZABETH C. TAYLOR, late of Vassalboro, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate.

ORDERED: That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the *Maine Farmer*, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register. May 24, 1897. 34

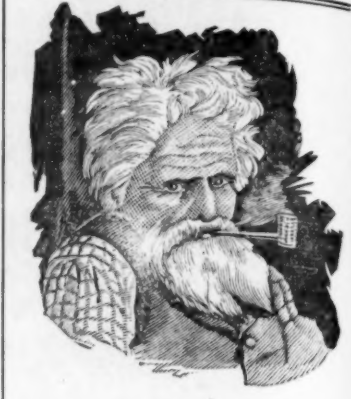
Kennebec County.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1897.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of IVAN IVANOFF, not a resident of Vassalboro, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate.

ORDERED: That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the *Maine Farmer*, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register. May 24, 1897. 34

H. W. Whitehouse, Attorney at Law, Broker and Dealer in Real Estate, 170 Water St., Augusta, Me.



Solid Comfort in every pipeful—

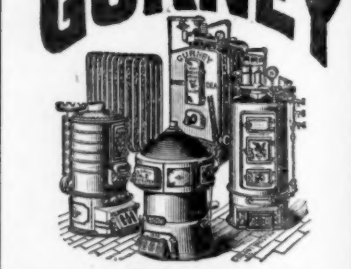
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ST. DELLA COLLINS will leave Augusta at 7:30 daily (Sundays excepted) for Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other points. Connecting with the popular

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Which alternately leave Gardiner at 8:35 P. M., Richmond at 4:30, Bath at 6:30, and

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SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
Mr. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Sagadahoc county.

Mr. J. W. KELLOGG, our Agent, is now call-
ing upon our subscribers in Hancock county.

Every growing thing seems to have its
distinctive bug destroyer, and a remedy
is desired. Mr. F. L. Webber, Augusta,
announces a sovereign one in Bug Death.
Read his advertisement.

With our next issue, a serial story by
one of the best writers, a story dealing
with thrilling war scenes, will be com-
menced, to continue through several
months. Old and young will be inter-
ested in its progress.

On account of the lateness of the season
the Rose and Strawberry Festival,
announced for June 29th, in Augusta, is
necessarily postponed. It will probably
be held the week following the 4th.
Blame the weather.

One of the enterprising business men
of the Kennebec Valley says: "I always
thought newspaper advertising expen-
sive, but I have had a number of calls
during the past four weeks from
strangers who said they saw my ad.
in the Maine Farmer. I find it one of
the best of all mediums for reaching the
reading public."

The *Kineo Echo*, published at Kineo by
J. S. Rowe, and devoted principally to the
hunting and fishing interests of the
Moosehead Lake region, is Maine's new-
est weekly. The head is of appropriate
design, giving a glimpse of a rugged bit
of Moosehead's shores, with a moose and
a deer in the foreground, and the name
of the paper on a scroll of birch-bark.

Read carefully the article "An Im-
portant Step," also the plan proposed
for establishing our "Summer Farm
Home Department." Nothing like it
has ever been attempted in Maine, and
no State in the Union possesses such
wealth of natural attractions. After
reading, pass to a neighbor who is not a
subscriber, and show him what sure
benefits will come to those whose names
are on our list.

Here we are rapidly approaching the
haymaking season, and the question of
the purchase of a mowing machine pre-
sents itself quite forcibly. No mistake will
be made by our farmer readers if they pur-
chase the Worcester Buckeye, and refuse
to take any substitute. When a man
gets ready for hay-making—the booming
time of year—he don't want to try experi-
ments. The Worcester Buckeye has
been tested for more than a quarter of a
century, and not found wanting.

Crop reports are somewhat conflicting,
and while on dry land the farmers are
rushed with hay, on moist land the
seed is not yet in the ground. The hay
crop is thickening, and while it cannot
be as large as some years, a heavy yield
is now promised. The sweet corn crop
of Maine will be light, and factories in
the northern and also in the clay loam
section will hardly be able to secure a
satisfactory yield. Pastures are in good
shape, and stock of all kinds doing well.

That there is a great deal of wealth in
this country is strikingly shown by a
table prepared by Mr. Thomas G. Shear-
man, the careful statistician and political
economist lawyer of New York. He
says it that there are 200 persons worth
\$20,000,000 each; 400 persons worth \$10,-
000,000 each; 1000 persons worth \$5,000,-
000 each; 2000 persons worth \$2,500,000
each, and 6000 persons worth \$1,000,000
each. The totals of these are \$24,000,-
000,000 owned by 9000 persons.

The makers of bogus butter frankly
admit that they cannot find buyers un-
less their product is colored to imitate
the genuine article, and the signing of
the anti-color bill by Gov. Tanner of
Illinois, after one of the greatest fights
ever witnessed in that legislature, is
followed by the announcement that the
works will be transferred to Indiana. The
fraud dies hard, but every move is in
the direction of pure food and healthy
butter product. The influence of
straight dairy goods is increasing.

The management of the University of
Maine has under consideration the es-
tablishing of a law school in Bangor, to
begin work next fall. Judge Emery of
the supreme court, General Charles
Hamlin of Bangor, and other prominent
lawyers have agreed to deliver courses of
lectures. Now let this great "University"
establish a school of theology. Why not?
It would be in keeping with its other
recent acts. And as the State would
be called upon to pay the bills, we
might establish a State religion—a union
of Church and State.

Cable advices of this date to George A.
Cochrane of Boston from the principal
markets of Great Britain give butter
markets as very quiet. The continued
large home and Irish make, coupled with
liberal arrivals from the Continent,
causes low prices, with accumulations
sufficiently large to give buyers control
of markets. Until the flush of the make
is over and diminished receipts from the
Continent, little good can be done in
American butter, which is arriving in
somewhat increased quantities, with the
finest descriptions of creameries selling
moderately at 15 1/2 @ 16 1/2 in tubs; 16 1/2
@ 17 in boxes. Medium grades of Amer-
ican badly neglected, with a fairly
good demand for ladies that can be sold
at 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Cheese markets have been
steady, but with advices of increased
shipments from Canada and America,
market closes tame. New selling at 9 1/2
@ 10 1/2.

ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

The treaty to annex the Hawaiian
Islands to the United States, proposed
by President McKinley, and signed by
Secretary Sherman on the part of the
United States and by Minister Hatch and
other Hawaiian representatives on the
part of that Republic, has been sent to
the Senate, and promptly referred to the
committee on foreign affairs.

The treaty provides that the govern-
ment of the Hawaiian Islands cedes to
the United States, absolutely and forever,
all rights of sovereignty in and over the
Hawaiian Islands and its dependencies,
and these islands shall become an
integral part of the territory of the United
States. The government of Hawaii also
cedes to the United States public lands,
public buildings and public property of
all descriptions.

Congress shall enact special laws to
govern the disposition of the lands in the
Hawaiian Islands. All revenue from these
lands shall be used solely for the
benefit of the inhabitants of the Hawaiian
Islands for educational and other public
purposes. The Hawaiian Islands shall
be admitted into the Union as a territory
of the United States, local laws to be
passed by a local legislature, but subject
to the approval of the President.

Until Congress shall apply the laws of
the United States to the islands, the
present laws of Hawaii are to govern.
The present treaties and laws governing
Hawaii's commercial relations with for-
eign nations shall remain in force until
Congress shall take action. Further im-
migration of Chinese laborers is prohib-
ited, pending Congressional action, and
the entry of Chinese from Hawaii into
the United States likewise is prohibited.

The United States assumes the public
debt of Hawaii, but with a stipulation
that this liability shall not exceed \$4,000,-
000. The treaty, before it becomes
effective, shall be ratified by the proper
authorities of the United States and of
Hawaii. No mention is made of any
gratuity to Liliuokalani or Kaiulani.

The deposed Queen, "Liliuokalani,"
objects to the annexation, but that will have
no weight. Should there be any serious
opposition in Congress, a hint that it
will affect the progress of the tariff bill,
the treaty will not be ratified this ses-
sion, but will be allowed to lie over until
the next session.

We regard annexation desirable for
many reasons, and believe that the with-
drawal of the treaty negotiated by Presi-
dent Harrison was a great blunder. We
believe a large portion of the American
people have been desirous of annexation
for a long while. Affairs have now taken
such a turn as to make the union of
Hawaii with the United States particu-
larly welcome to both peoples, and per-
fectly natural.

No statesman ever looked into this
matter more thoroughly than did our
late distinguished fellow citizen, the
Hon. John L. Stevens, United States
Minister to the Hawaiian Islands. He
was also a careful and keen observer,
having opportunities for examining the
question in all its various complications.
Mr. Stevens was strongly in favor of
annexation. The following statement by
William R. Castle, late Hawaiian Minister
in Washington, gives an idea of the com-
mercial relations of the United States
and Hawaii:

"In 1896 Hawaii imported \$7,164,561.40
in value of which \$5,494,208.20 was
bought in the United States. It exported
\$15,515,280.13 and of this the United
States took \$15,490,098.15; that is 99.2
per cent. of our whole trade and com-
merce was with the United States. Great
Britain had 3.33 per cent.; Germany .005
or less than one per cent. China and
Japan had 2.56 per cent., although they
number over 40,000 out of a population
of 101,000. American ships carried \$18,-
717,542.85 of this trade or 82.52 per cent.,
and yet it is said that the flag of the
United States has nearly disappeared from
the sea. It is not true here, for the
reciprocity treaty has made that flag su-
preme. Hawaiian vessels carried \$1,194,-
068.08 or 5.26 per cent., and many ships
under the Hawaiian flag were built in
the United States, and are here owned
by Americans. Right here, it may be
noted that nearly every one of the large
fleet of steamers carrying on the internal
trade were built in the United States.
All of our lumber, bricks, lime and other
building material comes from the Pacific
Coast of the United States. The farmers
of that locality also share in the benefits
of the treaty; for all of our flour and
other forms of cereal foods as well as hay
and grain to feed our cattle and other ani-
mals, is bought there. St. Louis, Fort
Scott and other places east of the moun-
tains, as well as San Francisco, have
their share in these benefits, for much of
our sugar machinery and other hardware
comes from those places."

These facts show that the country has
been of great benefit to the United States
commercially. The island is also our
natural ally. Its American mani-
festations in the face of grave difficul-
ties. The American text books, foster
knowledge of American history, and sup-
ply a fund of general information pertain-
ing to the growth and progress of the
United States, that has stimulated an in-
terest in everything American. The in-
dustrial development of Hawaii under
American leadership marks an epoch
hardly less phenomenal than the great re-
ligious awakening under the devoted lab-
ors of American missionaries. The devel-
opment was rapid under the forcing stimu-
lus of the reciprocity treaty with the
United States, and revolutionized the in-
dustrial relations of the country. The
unproductive portions of the island have
been made to "bud and blossom as the
rose," showing what American enterprise
can accomplish in the face of grave difficul-
ties. The industrial development of
Hawaii has been the product of political
considerations which compelled the
United States to foster its interests there.
Those political considerations are as po-
tent now as they ever have been. Ameri-
can statesmen have foreseen that there
must be a closer political alliance with
Hawaii. This known disposition of the
United States to such closer commercial
union, grounded on political considera-
tions, has had fruitage in the American-
izing of sentiment in Hawaii, until now
fill an hour with entertainment for the

company present. There were recita-
tions and readings by the "young folks,"
a serio-humorous paper by Miss Mina
Maxwell, one of Greene's most famous
teachers, on the relation of wife and
husband when the "new woman" enters
upon her reign. An able paper, showing
critical study and a wide scope of knowl-
edge, was also read by Owen W. Larrabee,
setting forth the tendency of the times
towards increased public expenditures.

Although the day was profitable as
well as enjoyable to all hands. Nothing
could better illustrate the grand and the
varied and important work the Grange
has inaugurated among its members.
Confidence in mankind was strengthened,
courtesy cultivated, good manners illus-
trated, intellectual effort encouraged,
education promoted, and with it and at
the same time life in the country made
happier.

WAYSIDE NOTES—WISE AND OTHER-
WISE.

—I am more and more convinced, the
longer I live, that the very best advice
that was ever given from friend to friend
is contained in these four words: "Mind
your own business." The following of
it would save many a heartache. Its ob-
servance would insure against every sort
of wrangling. When we mind our own
business we are sure of success in what
we undertake, and may count upon a
glorious immunity of failure. When the
husbandman harvests a crop by hanging
over the fence and watching his neighbor
hoe weeds, it will be time for you and
me to achieve renown in any undertaking
in which we do not exclusively need to
mind our own business. If I had a fam-
ily of young folks to give advice to, my
early, late and constant admonition
would be, always and everywhere, to
"Mind your own business." Thus should
they too harmony and peace and live to
enjoy a wise man.

—When we hear a man using coarse,
profane language, we can form a pretty
clear idea of his home surroundings, and
likewise of his associates.

—"I attribute my success in life," said
C. P. Huntington, the railroad magnate,
to a newspaper reporter, "to the fact that
I never spent valuable time watching
clocks. I was born and reared on a
farm. As a boy, I observed that the
man who was always on the lookout to
see if it was not time to quit, never made
any headway. When I was at work I
kept at the particular thing I was doing
until I had finished it. The man who
will stop in the middle of the row be-
cause it is six o'clock, is not worth his
salt. I made it a rule, later in life, to
promote my employees who did not work
with their eyes on the clock. I have
found it a good rule."

—If there is no aristocratic quarter in
heaven there is a whole lot of people
who, after they got through with it, will
believe that life was a sure enough
failure.

The mind of a child is clean. Bad
language and profanity will stain it as
mud stains a white garment. Allow
none but decent men to work on your
farm.

—An extraordinary instance of heredi-
tary tendency to suicide was told by
Prof. Bourne in Paris lately. A farmer
near Etampes hanged himself without
apparent cause, leaving a family of seven
sons and four daughters. Ten of the
eleven subsequently followed the father's
example, but not until they had married
and begotten children, all of whom like-
wise hanged themselves. The only sur-
vivor is a son, who is now sixty-eight
years of age, and has passed safely beyond
the family hanging age.

—It is a matter of wonderment to
many who so large a proportion of farm-
ers build their homes close to the road,
when they have the whole farm behind
them. Instead of a fresh, green lawn in
front of the house, there is only the
dusty road, with its curious passers-by
and clouds of dust from every passing
team. A house gains in dignity of ap-
pearance when set back from the street,
especially if a tree or two is planted so
as to shade the door. Study to make
the farm attractive as well as productive.

—Every boy should have his head, his
heart and his hand educated. Let this
truth never be forgotten. By the proper
education of the head, he will be taught
what is good and what is evil, what is
right and what is wrong. By the proper
education of the heart he will be taught
to love what is good, wise and right, and
hate what is evil, foolish and wrong. And
by proper education of the hand, he will
be enabled to supply his wants, to add
to his comforts, and to assist those
around him. The highest objects of a
good education are, to reverence and
obey God, and to love and serve man-
kind. When wisdom reigns in the head,
and love in the heart, the man is ever
ready to do good; order and peace reign
around, and sin and sorrow are almost
unknown.

—A close observation of the work of
the spider on its web castle will soon en-
able one to forecast the weather. When
wind or rain threatens, the spider may
be seen taking in the web with great en-
ergy; that is, shortening the rope fila-
ments that sustain the web; if the storm
is to be unusually severe the ropes are
strengthened, as well as shortened.
When you see the spider running out the
slender ropes you may be certain of fine
weather; when the spider sits dull and
quiet in the middle of its web rain is not
far off.

The Third District.
A special election was held in this
District, Monday, for the election of a
Representative to Congress, to fill the
place made vacant by the death of Seth
L. Milliken. There were three candi-
dates on the Australian ballot—Edwin
C. Burleigh, republican; Frederick W.
Plaisted, democrat; and Bradford F.
Lancaster, populist. There had been no
canvassing, and there was really no con-
test. The republican vote shows a fall-
ing off of about 40 per cent. from last
September, and the democratic vote
about 50 per cent. The election came at
a very busy time of the year with farm-
ers. Mr. Burleigh is elected by the large
plurality of about 8,000. A good vote
was thrown in this city, which must be
very gratifying to the winning candidate.
The vote here stood, Burleigh 902,
Plaisted 280, Lancaster 9.

AN IMPORTANT STEP.

A New Department Added to the Maine Farmer.

"Summer Homes in Maine."

The province of an agricultural and family newspaper is to aid in strengthen-
ing every enterprise which might add to the worth of the industry or the stability
of the homes.

First, last and all the time, the supreme object with the farmer must be the per-
fection of his farm. He stands in the same relation to it as does the merchant to
his store, the manufacturer to his mill or shop, or the lawyer to his office. Every-
thing else must, from a business point of view, be made secondary. At the same
time no man can succeed unless he recognizes the value of these adjuncts and uses
them to strengthen his hold upon the business world. The farmer of to-day is im-
pelled as never before to sharply scrutinize in growing crops that quantity may be
increased and quality improved, yet he who has reached the highest in these direc-
tions knows full well that but half the battle has been fought. The profitable con-
version of the choicer products of the farm into cash is as necessary as the growing
or making of these products. If by any means this conversion can be made at re-
duced expense it is an end to be desired. Right here is where the *Maine Farmer*
proposes to open the way, not for any release from the claims of business, the pro-
duction of all that is possible, or the strengthening of desire for home life upon the
farm, but for the direct conversion of all the finer products into cash at home.

Maine is to-day one of the most popular States in the Union, and thousands come
here yearly to find pleasure, health, comfort and rare sport in every season.

Beyond this wealthy class is the great mass of humanity, in town and city,
seeking a summer home away from fashionable resorts, out in the free life of the
farm homes which dot the hillsides of this marvelous, health giving State of Maine.
It will be the effort of the *Maine Farmer* to bring the farm homes of the State directly
before the dwellers of the cities, according to the plan so clearly mapped out in an-
other column to be known as *The Maine Farmer Summer Home Department*.

A careful reading of this plan is desired, in the belief that it will at
once impress its worth upon our readers.

Already it has received hearty commendation from representative citizens of
the State, many of them among our most progressive farmers. Special attention
will be given to setting forth the beauty, majesty, attractiveness and desirability of
our inland rivers and lakes and the opportunity here afforded for erecting summer
homes in quiet neighborhoods. So fully is the line of procedure set forth else-
where, that no effort will here be made to do more than present a few of the re-
asons for establishing a new and unique department, unlike any ever attempted.

Three objects are in mind:
First, to stimulate a more active demand for what might be produced, in
larger quantity, in Maine, and the east.

Second, to assist the farmers in finding a cash market at home, and
Third, to present the attractions of the rural sections of Maine, to the inhabi-
tants of our cities, in a manner never before attempted, certain that an increasing
number will yearly come to the Pine Tree State for health, pleasure and sight-
seeing as well as to avail themselves of our unequalled fishing and hunting attractions.

Any person who is a subscriber to the *Maine Farmer* can avail himself of its services
and secure a wealth of advertising through our "Albums of Maine Farm Homes,"
not possible elsewhere, save at large outlay.

In the firm belief that increasing prosperity will come to all the State, and the
farms be greatly enhanced, the *Maine Farmer* has launched this new department,
assuming the full burden of expense, in the hope that from every locality there
will come a response, and these albums be placed in the "Summer Resort Bureaus"
at an early date.

A compromise.
The Milk Producers' Union of Port-
land has, by insisting on its rights,
brought about a compromise with the
Board of Health upon a reasonable basis.
The union asked the board that certain
changes be made, and among them: That
Section 3 of the rules and regulations be
amended by inserting after the words
"tuberculin test," in the second line, the
following words: "Whenever the veteri-
narian first called upon to examine a
cow, or a herd of cows, deems it advis-
able," and this amendment was accepted
by the board (or will be if duly approved
by any of the justices of the Supreme
Court) and adopted.

Another change suggested was that
the cows should be examined every year
and not confined to the month of June.
This leaves the matter of examining the
cows by tuberculin to a certain extent
with the veterinarian, but he must, how-
ever, be approved by the Board of Health,
and if his work is not satisfactory to the
board the approval can be revoked at
any time.

The board agrees to extend the time of
examination of cows to July 15 of this
year.

This places the matter of testing where
the Farmer has always claimed it should
rest, upon physical examination revealing
the presence of disease in the herd. The
milkmen have acted wisely in standing
together for their rights, and insisting
only on reasonable action.

The New Trustee.
On Thursday, Hon. Fred Atwood of
Waterport, was appointed by Gov.
Powers, Trustee of the State Reform
School, to fill the vacancy on the board
caused by the death of Gen. John J.
Perry of Portland. Col. Atwood is 59
years of age and has been engaged in
business in New York, Boston and Provi-
dence. R. L. He returned to Maine,
however, and during the war filled
several large contracts for the govern-
ment, furnishing masts, spars and ship
stock. Later he has dealt in agricultural
implements at Waterport. He is a
prominent Republican. For several
years he has been a trustee of the New
England Agricultural Society, trustee of
the Maine State College and East Maine
Conference Seminary. He served on the
staffs of Gov. Bodwell and Marble, and
was a member of Governor Cleaves' council,
and has served in the legislature. While
a member of Gov. Cleaves' council he
was brought in official connection with
the management of the Reform School,
and his noble and generous nature
became at once interested in the
welfare of the bright boys there. Many
of his ideas and suggestions have been
put in practical form in the conduct of

CITY NEWS.
—Count that day saved whose
Low descending sun,
Views from thy purse no
Dollars on the run.

—Mr. C. B. Burleigh, of the *Journal*,
is building a cottage at Hammond's
Grover office.

—Furinton Bros. new coal shed is 100
by 80 feet in size, and high enough to
hold without crowding, 3000 tons.

—For the year ending Dec. 31 last,
there were in this city 227 births, 140
marriages, and 330 deaths.

—The board of tax assessors has com-
pleted the number of citizens eligible to
militia service in the city, that is, all
males 18 years and over, and under 45.
There are 1977.

—The graduating exercises of the
Cony High School were held Thursday
evening, according to the programme
we published last week, the young
ladies and gentlemen acquitting them-
selves finely.

—Mrs. Henrietta T. Ward has an-
nounced the marriage of her daughter,
Flora E., to Mr. Ernest Webb Emery,
assistant in the State Library, at the
Unitarian church, on Wednesday even-
ing, June 30th.

—David Wingate Waldron, native
of Augusta, who has been chaplain of
the Massachusetts legislature for 15
years, was presented at the close of the
last season with a silver pitcher and a
salver.

—Any one picking up a broken bi-
cycle and the remains of a good looking
young man, an apprentice to the print-
ing business, between this city and
Bangor, will please send the same to the
Printer office, C. O. D.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hunt have
moved to their cottage at Lake Cobbos-
secontee, accompanied by the dear old
grandmother, Mrs. Hannah Robinson,
who is journeying towards the one
hundred and third anniversary of her
birth day.

—Another former employe of the
Farmer office has taken unto himself a
wife—this time, Mr. Harry L. Cummings,
who on Wednesday evening last, was
married to Miss Wakefield. The happy
couple will reside in North Augusta,
where we trust they may enjoy many
happy years of life.

—On Saturday, twenty shares of the
capital stock of the Bangor, Old Town
and Orono electric railroad were sold
at auction at the office of Tyler, Fogg & Co.,
to Hon. J. Manchester Haynes of this
city, at \$115 per share. This stock is
a part of the 1000 share issue which pays
a dividend of 1 per cent. per month.

—Lovers of a good horse will do well
to watch the pair which Hon. J. Man-
chester Haynes is driving, and especially
the one on the near side. It is this type
of nervous horses which is wanted, and
the fact that these are Morgans adds to
their value. They are worth a score of
pairs of ordinary horses.

—A new and attractive car has ap-
peared on our streets and will soon be
started on the road by R. S. Bradbury,
the enterprising manufacturer, who is
finding increasing sales for his match-
less egg cases, butter carriers, extension
ladders, etc. These cases and carriers
should be in the hands of every pro-
gressive farmer.

—The biggest thing on a bicycle is Joseph
W. Grimes of Cleveland, O. He wheels
his of 540 pounds, and he is on his way
to Boston, Ltd. bicycle club all turn
out to see him. —*Zeckler*.

We also have a Joseph right here in
Augusta, who is an expert bicyclist, but
he weighs 300 pounds; we refer to the
good-natured and able lawyer, Joseph
Williamson, Jr.

—R. G. Smith of Farmingdale, while
in this city Thursday afternoon, ac-
cidentally shot himself in the left ankle.
He was taken to Waterville by Dr. W. H.
Harris of this city, where an examination
was made with an X-ray machine by Dr.
F. C. Thayer of that city. By its means
the bullet was located and extracted by
Dr. Harris.

—The Williams district schools closed,
Wednesday, with exercises that were a
pleasure to the many who attended them.
The graduating class consisted of the
following members: Edith M. Hamilton,
Edith A. Sibley, Vera B. Winters, Samuel
Titcomb, Willie A. Sampson, Harry Sav-
age, Lee H. Hopkins, Elsie G. Perham,
Archie A. Ray, Charles H. Grover and
Henry Folsom.

—The ice houses and dwelling house
owned by Cony, White & Haynes, situ-
ated just south of Brit's grill, were de-
stroyed by fire, Tuesday afternoon. The
house was occupied by Herbert J. Web-
ber, who loses his furniture. Cony,
White & Haynes' plant consisted of a
four-room house with a capacity of about
6000 tons, an engine house, with engine
and hoisting outfit, and a tool house with
a full set of ice tools. The houses were
empty. The whole plant was destroyed,
except a few tools from the lower part of
the tool house. Loss \$5000; insured
for \$2450.

We present below a list of the
heaviest tax-payers in this city, for the
present year. It will be seen that Hon.
P. O. Vickery is the largest individual
tax-payer:

A. C. Allen	\$2,311.20
W. C. Allen	1,413.20
Eugene Lumber Co.	1,210.75
J. W. Bradbury	1,430.87
W. C. Bradbury	1,232.25
Chas. W. Brown	1,238.00
John F. Hill	1,228.50
John F. Hill	1,255.21
John F. Hill	1,098.13
W. C. Hill	1,169.85
Lendall Titcomb	2,390.18
W. C. Hill	1,169.85
Edwards Man's Co.	15,095.04
Pres. Williams Est.	3,875.00

The movement to establish a shoe
factory here grows apace, everybody
being enthusiastic over the prospect. At
a special meeting of the Board of
Trade, Friday evening, the members were
gratified to hear Hon. P. O. Vickery an-
nounce, "The money is raised."—In other
words, he would see to it that the nec-
essary funds were secured to ensure the
financial part of the enterprise, subscrib-
ing liberally himself, and securing the
subscription of others. A committee was
appointed to meet the city council on the
subject, and a committee consisting of J.
H. Manley, J. Manchester Haynes and
President Hicoborn, was appointed to
confer with the Edwards Manufacturing Co.
for the lot of land suitable for the
factory, at the corner of Laurel and
Walnut streets, which has been the
considered from the start. It is un-
derstood that this lot cannot be purchased,
as for some time the Maine Central Rail-
road Co. has had the refusal of it, and
will build there a large freight depot,
which is greatly needed by the company
and the community. On Saturday eve-
ning, in joint convention, it was unani-
mously voted: "That it is the sense of
the city government of Augusta that, if
the Boyd, Corey & Co. shoe factory be
built in this city, its valuation for 10
years be fixed at not exceeding \$5000."
This action is advisory, to be adopted
formally at a future meeting.

—The Village District grammar school
has a strong hold upon the affections of
the people of this town. The exercises
of graduation took place, Friday after-
noon, in the City Hall, when the parents
and friends of the scholars crowded the
large and elegant audience room, to wit-
ness the graduation of a class of 32, the
most of whom we trust will enter Cony
High, at the fall term. Following was
the programme, which was carried out
finely in every part:

Prayer—By E. E. Newbert.
Singing—"Fondly we greet you."
Extract from address of Daniel Webster.
Creating Altar Emery.
How Jane Conquest Rans the Hall.
Benediction—By E. E. Newbert.
Our Country.
Singing—"Stars of the Summer Night."
Annie J. Macomber, Grand T. Johnson.
Marion E. Groves, Harry L. Gordon.
Mary's Night Hail, Annie Johnson, Norman
Hicoborn, Extract.
Essay, Heroism of the Civil War—By
Marion Bradbury Groves.
Singing—"The Old Camp Ground."
Annie J. Macomber, Grand T. Johnson.
Guitar accompaniment by Marion E. Groves.
Essay, "The Childhood of Daniel Webster."
Gertrude Elliot, Abbot.
Singing, Fan Drill Chorus, Girls of Grade VI.
Essay, "The Pine," Lizzie Applebaum.
Singing—"Home," Florence Stewart.
The second part consisted of the re-
performance of the beautiful little opera,
"The Silver Penny," under the direction
of Miss Deering, the accomplished music
teacher, bringing out to great advantage
the musical talent of the pupils, showing
the capacity of the voices. It was a
stunning feature, never before attempted.
The diplomas were presented by
Hon. Charles E. Nash, of the Board of
Directors, and the singing of the class
ode, written by Dorothy Cushing True,
closed the exercises.

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Marion E. Groves

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

NEARNESS.

BY C. E. L.

Over the old pathways,
Deep in the woods alone,
I watch in the shifting shadows
To see where my bird has flown.

Never a call comes to me,
No trill or warble sweet,
Will come to my listening ear
To stay the tired feet.

Have I lost my bird? I fear?
I hear a whirr of wings,
But no melody comes to me,
No sweet-sounding warbler sings.

In the limitless ether,
For a sight of bird flown,
My eyes try to see the vision,
Though seemingly I am alone.

My bird was a loved of youth,
A life so pure and sweet,
That old earth seemed to blossom
When touched by her little feet.

A shadow fell 'cross our door,
Darkening the sunny day,
Its gloom closed round a dear one,
Hiding from sight away.

We hear never a whisper,
For treasure still is hid;
Letting us see through gates ajar,
Our loved round throne in Heaven.

Yet in our daily life we feel
A touch of an angel's hand,
We feel the truth the spirit speaks,
About the heavenly band.

Every day our spirit seeks
The loved and lost of earth,
Soul near to soul in the way to know
Of the new and holy birth.

THE BALLAD OF SLEEP.

BY EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

Who rises so closely at my side,
Down the dusky twilight—
What bold highwayman, hollow-eyed,
With victor black and stealthy hand?

Each night he cometh unawares,
Or bright the stars, or dark the sky,
He heareth naught of tears or prayers;
No threat avails, nor piteous sigh.

Gold had not lured him to the strife;
What bold highwayman, hollow-eyed,
But of that bold highwayman's life
He cries, relentlessly, "Divide!"

"Give of that precious guerdon—time!
The hours when thou wouldst labor long,
And weave thy slender thread of rhyme
Into the web of slumber's song."

How changed thou art, oh, robber grim,
Since erst I looked on thee in love,
Nor feared thy phantom visage dim,
Nor felt the iron 'neath thy glove.

Once thou didst woo me tenderly
Within thy purple realms to rest;
Through dream-land ways I rode with thee,
My shadow-steed with thee abed.

Nor grudged the then the glorious gift,
For youth was mine, and thou wast gain;
Now, bid the days I pray thee lift
Thy gauntlet from my bride-iron!

In vain I plead, "One night of grace!"
(The task too sweet! the world so wide!)
The phantom horseman rides apace,
And sternly cries, "Divide! divide!"

I yield unto this bandit, Sleep,
Whose sable pennons nod and sway;
He binds me still the break of day,
Augusta, Me.

—The Independent.

Our Story Teller.

A PESKY WHALE.

"There's whales an' whales," said the captain suddenly. "Some of 'em is pesky critters an' some ain't no pesky. Smoke went up in clouds and there was silence.

"Reckon you've got something on your mind, cap," said the doctor.

"Oh, nothin' very particular," said the captain, "but when whales was introduced it reminded me. I had old Liz Boring sea way two years ago—old Liz was my ship, her full name bein' Elizabeth J. Barker—an' we'd had a pretty good season. September we put around the Horn, an' as things happened didn't see another whale till we struck into the forties. Then, sir, long 'o'clock one fine mornin', we was about six knots, we raised a whale that was a whale."

"Big, I bet," said the doctor.

"No, not so terrible big," said the captain, "but pesky. I was standin' about 'midships when 'one of the men sings out, 'I'll cap, look at 'em blow.' Sure 'nough, half a mile off an' down she went to starboard he was blowin'. He went up a good spot an' then seemed to kinder settle himself, like he was nappin', showin' a good bit of his length. I have old Liz to, an' we put over a couple of blows. Rowin in the small boat was a Dutchman named Frank. I reckon him, 'cause he comes into the yarn pretty prominent. Frank was a good sailor, but one of them fellows that has dreadful little to say. He tended right to business an' kept his hatch battened close. Well, as it turned out, the little boat licked the big one an' got the first whale at the whale. They sent a harpoon into him just over his port fin, an' down he went."

"I stood a-watchin' things through a glass. I waited an' waited for the boat to start off 'o' tow, but she didn't do nothin' but set still, which was puzzlin'. In about five minutes somethin' big an' black broke through the water, an' the boat, an' there was old blower no more'n 200 yards from the place he went down. He wasn't up long, but enough to get his bearin', I guess, for down he went again, an' I could see the bow man gettin' ready to give him all the rope he'd take. Then the boat started, slowed a bit an' come dead for the ship at a 40 mile clip. I never see a boat travel so. We watched 'em, an' when she got within a quarter of a mile I thinks to myself: 'This is gittin' blawed interestin'. I wonder is that whale going to shore, or is he goin' to give us a name?' The boat, as I could see for us as 'true as a hair, an' I could see the men in her gettin' excited. On she came, throwin' spray like a liner, an' I calculated if she held her course she'd hit us no more'n 'midship it wouldn't be worth messin' the difference. Then I seen the man in the boat, grabbed the rope with both hands an' hung on for dear life. Well, old whale kept steam on. I could see the boat go down

a little by the head as she got close to us, an' I knew the rope was scrapin' the ship's keel. We was all holdin' breath an' waitin' to see Frank splatter his brains against the ship's side, when the boat went nose down, stern up an' under water with a kerchug. She missed reachin' us by about five yard.

"All hands aboard ship leant over to see Frank, the splitters came up, for the boat would sure fetch again the keel an' go to kindlin' wood. We waited an' waited an' waited, but by gum, there warn't no splinters an' there warn't no Frank. All of a sudden one of the men sings out, 'By the holy p-o-ker, look!' I whipped 'round, an' there, 20 fathoms off our port, was the little whale boat, full of water to the gunnel, an' Frank standin' up in her, waist deep, holding onto a rowlock for dear life. So help me, doc, that boat was towed clean under old Liz, the Dutchman in her, an' come up sound on the other side.

"Yes, sir, under the ship slick as a whistle, an' the Dutchman in her. That whale was a scientist, sir. He calculated right to lose the boat, but bless you, it's a bigger job than any one wanted to tackle to save that craft, an' as for floatin', she was boxed at each end of the story. We remembered the fella that jumped, an' we seen the big boat would pick 'em up before we could put another over, so we turned to look at Frank again. There warn't anything left in the boat to bail with, an' he couldn't do nothin' but wait on the pleasure of that whale, as fast as he came at it, an' he must 'a' gone a third of a mile before the boat slackened. Then we seen her slow down an' come to a dead stop. 'Line bust,' says I. 'Man a boat an' fetch in the Dutchman.' I hadn't no more'n a spoke the words when a big wave seemed to rise up near the boat an' old whale blowed 30 feet high. Then he got old Liz in range. Up his tail goes, an' he under water again. I could see Frank wade forrard in the boat an' try to put out line, but it was jammed, an' before he could make it lose the boat give a jerk 'round, almost a throwin' him out, an' come at us again. What I'm sayin' is, truth doc, that boat struck another line for me. I suppose, more properly speakin', the whale did. Gosh! How she did come kinkin'! Frank quit foolin' with the line an' just hung on. I reckoned the whale was movin' faster 'n ever, only she didn't throw so much water, 'cause she set down an' moved on her rowlocks. We stood speechless while she was drivin' on. When she got within 100 yards the mate took a big breath an' let fly.

"Jump, you — Dutch lubber, or you're a dead man."

"But he didn't jump an' I see him gittin' ready for another dive under old Liz."

I grabbed up a bucket, climbed on the rail when the boat came near enough I let drive at Frank, hopin' to knock him overboard if I hit him. He seen it comin', dodged an' just as the boat went tail up again yelled:

"I can't swim!"

"Down went the boat like a soundin' lead, an' this time we all slid over to starboard, an' her crew came up. Seven or eight seconds passed, maybe, an' then about 15 fathoms off our beam up came the boat, bottom up. 'Oh, Lord,' groaned the cook, 'he's a goner!' But he warn't. No, sir. The boat hadn't traveled 30 yard afore she righted, an' we seen Frank's head bob up over the gunnel. Well, old whale didn't run as fast for this, for he broke water a few hundred fathoms off. In about a minute he sent up a stream of blood. I seen that the harpoon was a good throw an' he wasn't goin' to fight long.

"I sent the second boat out after him, but they didn't get far 'fore down goes the whale for the third time, an' in a second she was back on her beam. We knew he was comin' at us. There warn't no way to stop the whale, so we just waited again, while the little boat made tracks for us like she was goin' to ram. Just when I reckoned by the line out that the whale was passin' under us there was a tremendous bang, an' a couple of seconds later the boat came up, rolled to starboard an' then back to port an' lay rockin' while we got up. Reckon you guess what happened, doc. That whale miscalculated. He laid his course fine as silk, but his elevation was off a couple of points. He didn't fetch deep enough an' hit old Liz's head, but he did tip the keel off her. That settled the business too. We looked over the rail an' seen some bloody water, then a flipper, an' soon a big, black body floated alongside. There was our whale, sir, dead as a hunk of salt pork, up to 62 feet. What became of the Dutchman? Why, the boat slowed down when the whale jammed us on the other boat took him off. Hurt? No. He went to work cuttin' up that whale along with the rest of 'em. I did hear afterward that the grumbler, an' the man who's bucket I throwed at him, an' it wasn't picked up. Right lively whale, warn't it, doc?"

"Right lively," repeated the doctor absently.—Minneapolis Times.

SWEETHEARTS ONCE.

"What!" exclaimed the landress, pausing in counting the linen. "You do not know what has become of Camille?"

The young man in his shirt sleeves, who was searching the disordered chamber for cigarettes, stopped short and replied:

"Certainly not. How should I know? It is so long since—and then," he added, with an air of bored indifference, "what does it matter to me?"

"Oh, but I know where she lives—and happily too!"

Then, changing her tone as she tied up her bundle, she said:

"However, if you do not care about hearing—"

Maurice took long whiffs of his cigarette. He had the day before, after reading his brilliant thesis, received his diploma and was now an M. D. In another week he would return to Paris, his native city. The name and memory of Camille, the milliner, who had been his sweetheart for a year, at the end of which he had brusquely cast her off, were not altogether indifferent to him.

"Camille! Oh, yes, that was a long time ago!" he said as he looked at the landress, a good, ugly soul from Versailles, whom he had employed since his early student days.

"Not so long, after all," said the landress. She was looking at him

now, her hands on her hips, her keen face expressing a sort of maternal impatience. She was not to be so easily imposed upon. She resumed:

"You were rather cruel to the poor little woman, weren't you?"

Maurice shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly as he took from his closet a bottle of cognac and two glasses, saying, as he filled them:

"I broke with her when I found the matter taking too serious a turn; that is all. One must have amusement. But to compromise a career—no! To your good health, Mother Legrain."

The landress as she drank the brandy said:

"It does not prevent her being happy now."

As she did not continue, after a short silence Maurice, curious, asked:

"What is she doing, anyway?"

"She is married. What do you think of that? To a fat haberdasher—a haberdasher, really—Aux Trois Princesses, Place Clichy."

"So much the better."

"And three children—loves—round and rosy as apples. You would never recognize her," said Mother Legrain indignantly.

"You still see her?"

"No longer so than a week, M. Maurice. I was at my door, Rue Morgue, when she passed with her husband and children. They had come to Versailles to visit the chateau and the park. She stopped and talked with me a full minute. And dressed! Not as she used to be, but as she should be. Her husband was well to do."

And satisfied, when Maurice feigned to yawn, that he was inwardly piqued to interest, she slung the bundle of clothes over her shoulder with a "Good day, M. Maurice—until Monday—good day."

Maurice prepared to go out, indulging in the following monologue:

"Ah, me, poor Camille! Well, it is better so. She has found a chance to get married, in fact. Curious I should so entirely have lost sight of her! She was pretty, was Camille—a trifle thin, but a good girl and full of droll humor, a pleasant face, with a smile, with a smile, and her silky hair like an aureole about her head. How the years fly! And she is married, and I am a doctor, ripe for patients and domestic life. Really, I am not curious, but it would be quite amusing to see her again—"

What he was to do to see her again, he did not know. She loved him when he sent her from me and afterward wrote me heartbroken letters. She lives in Place Clichy, eh? Stop a minute—bah, she must have forgotten me! Still, does a woman forget when she has suffered? No. It would be queer if, after all—"

He was to see her, he was to see her, he was to see her. My heart tells me to try my luck."

With these edifying reflections Maurice went down to the Odéon-Clichy omnibus, upon the top of which he sat humming until he reached his destination, Aux Trois Princesses. In the windows looked out upon the world an artistic arrangement of silks and laces, a forest of waiting storks and umbrellas and gorgeous cravats. Although not large, the shop indicated prosperity.

Maurice hesitated, suddenly embarrassed, not daring to enter for fear of encountering the husband or perhaps a clerk. At length, however, he entered. Camille was behind the counter, a forest of waiting storks and umbrellas and gorgeous cravats. Although not large, the shop indicated prosperity.

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"I shall count upon receiving them promptly," said he, "for I am quitting Paris."

She replied, with mechanical politeness, "Oh, they will be sent in time!"

"Good day, monsieur."—Parisian.

OFF AT THE METER.

Vernal Choice was a pretty and commodious villa and Dorsetcott a select and salubrious suburb. To the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Green—lately made almost complete by the arrival of the veriest cherub that ever came down from heaven—there were but two drawbacks. The first was of Maurice's making. He had a ridiculous fondness for gas fittings. He believed them to be in a chronic state of leakiness. He told his long suffering wife almost daily that more gas escaped through unsuspected cracks and defective joints than served to illuminate the cozy rooms of Vernal Choice.

Mrs. Maurice Green's bugbear was burglars. Nothing could shake her conviction that when a burglar took his "dark suburban way" his objective would be, by decree of fate, Vernal Choice. Thus it came to pass that night, while Maurice was turning off the gas at the meter—he would on no account allow any one else to do it, as "gas is such a flakey thing"—his little wife was on her knees in the bedroom, not, as might be supposed, saying her prayers—though she made the same prayer—very much to the purpose—but simply turning off the gas, as she had been told to do.

And satisfied, when Maurice feigned to yawn, that he was inwardly piqued to interest, she slung the bundle of clothes over her shoulder with a "Good day, M. Maurice—until Monday—good day."

Maurice prepared to go out, indulging in the following monologue:

"Ah, me, poor Camille! Well, it is better so. She has found a chance to get married, in fact. Curious I should so entirely have lost sight of her! She was pretty, was Camille—a trifle thin, but a good girl and full of droll humor, a pleasant face, with a smile, with a smile, and her silky hair like an aureole about her head. How the years fly! And she is married, and I am a doctor, ripe for patients and domestic life. Really, I am not curious, but it would be quite amusing to see her again—"

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